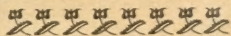


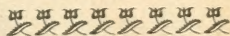


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A LITTLE
GARLAND
OF
CHRISTMAS
VERSE

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I BELONGS TO.



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A LITTLE GARLAND OF
CHRISTMAS VERSE



*They all were looking for a king
To slay their foes and lift them high:
Thou cam'st, a little baby thing
That made a woman cry.*

*O Son of Man, to right my lot
Naught but Thy presence can avail;
Yet on the road Thy wheels are not,
Nor on the sea Thy sail!*

*My how or when Thou wilt not heed,
But come down Thine own secret stair,
That Thou mayst answer all my need—
Yea, every bygone prayer.*

GEORGE MACDONALD.

A LITTLE GARLAND OF
CHRISTMAS VERSE



PORTLAND MAINE
THOMAS B MOSHER
MDCCCCXIV



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FOURTH EDITION,	DECEMBER, 1914

PROEM

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE

IN the Great Garden of the World a-bloom
Behold a rose,
Fair with white hopes that smile away all gloom,
Leading us on to that vast Ante-room
The watcher knows.

In the Great Garden of the Deathless flow'rs
We cull our sweet;
Through the long glimmer of the fading hours
Petals from our star-blooms in ceaseless show'rs
Fall at our feet.

In the Great Garden of the flowers white
We kneel with tears,
Watch through the mists of long and mournful night,
So that at last we, poor, may greet the light
When it appears.

In the Great Garden there are blooms and mould,
The watcher knows
That from the earth prepared, yet dark and cold,
Supreme as deathless hope there will unfold
The Christmas rose.

In the Great Garden of the wondrous store
We wander free;
What though the press be over-great and sore,
Here is our peace, here watch we evermore
Expectantly.

In the Great Garden is a secret fair
The watcher knows:
Watch then and learn; there is no garden bare,
Life and eternity together share
A Christmas rose.

ANONYMOUS.

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A LITTLE GARLAND OF
CHRISTMAS VERSE



When Christ was born of Mary free
In Betlehem in that fair cite,
Angels sungen with mirth and glee,
In Excelsis Gloria!

Herdsmen beheld these angels bright
To them appeared with great light,
And said, God's son is born this night,
In Excelsis Gloria!

This King is comen to save kind
[Even] in Scripture as we find,
[There]fore this song have we in mind,
In Excelsis Gloria!

[Then, dear] Lord, for thy great grace
[Grant us] in bliss to see thy face,
Where we may sing to thee solace,
In Excelsis Gloria!

HARLEIAN MS. (A. D. 1500.)



GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLE-
MEN



OD rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day
To save us all from Satan's power

When we were gone astray.

O tidings of comfort and joy,

*For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on
Christmas day.*

In Bethlehem in Jewry

This blessed babe was born,
And laid within a manger

Upon this blessed morn;
The which his mother Mary
Nothing did take in scorn.

O tidings, etc.

From God our Heavenly Father
A blessed angel came,

And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Sun of God by name.

O tidings, etc.

Fear not, then said the angel,
Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of virtue, power, and might ;
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite.

O tidings, etc.

The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
This blessed babe to find.

O tidings, etc.

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereat this infant lay,
They found him in a manger
Where oxen feed on hay ;
His mother Mary kneeling
Unto the Lord did pray.

O tidings, etc.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace ;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.
*O tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on
Christmas day.*

Anonymous. (1500, A. D.?)

CRADLE-HYMN

AWAY in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet
head.

The stars in the bright sky looked down where
he lay —

The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

Martin Luther.

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY

IMMORTAL Babe, who this dear day
Didst change Thine heaven for our clay,
And didst with flesh Thy godhead veil,
Eternal Son of God, all hail!

Shine, happy star; ye angels, sing
Glory on high to Heaven's King:
Run, shepherds, leave your nightly watch,
See heaven come down to Bethlehem's cratch.

Worship, ye sages of the east,
The King of gods in meanness dressed,
O blessèd maid, smile and adore
The God thy womb and arms have bore.

Star, angels, shepherds, and wise sages,
Thou virgin glory of all ages,
Restorèd frame of heaven and earth,
Joy in your dear Redeemer's birth!

Bishop Hall.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY

HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long ;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song !

He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd name.

Philip Doddridge.

CHRISTMAS HYMN

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by
night,

All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind);
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

“To you in David’s town this day
Is born of David’s line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:—

“The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view display’d,
All meanly wrapt in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appear’d a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Address’d their joyful song:—

“All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!”

Nahum Tate.

A CRADLE SONG

HUSH, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed !
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe ; thy food and raiment,
House and home thy friends provide ;
All without thy care or payment
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a Child like thee !

Soft and easy is thy cradle ;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay :
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky !
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,
With the virgin-mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing ;
Lovely Infant, how He smiled !
When He wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger
Where the hornèd oxen fed ;
—Peace, my darling, here's no danger ;
Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

Mayst thou live to know and fear Him
Trust and love Him all thy days ;
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face, and sing His praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire ;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

Isaac Watts.

HARK ! THE HERALD ANGELS
SING

HARK ! the Herald Angels sing,
“Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinner reconcil’d.”
Hark ! the Herald Angels sing,
“Glory to the new-born King.”

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark ! the Herald Angels sing,
“Glory to the new-born King.”

Christ by highest Heaven ador’d,
Christ the everlasting Lord !
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin’s wombe.
Hark ! the Herald Angels sing,
“Glory to the new-born King.”

Hail the Heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !

Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Hark ! the Herald Angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

Mild he lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark ! the Herald Angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

Charles Wesley.

THE VIRGIN'S CRADLE-HYMN

DORMI, *Jesu ! Mater ridet*
Quæ tam dulcem somnum videt,
Dormi, Jesu ! blandule !
Sinon dormis, Mater plorat,
Inter fila cantans orat,
Blande, veni, somnule.

Sleep, sweet babe ! my cares beguiling :
Mother sits beside thee smiling ;
Sleep, my darling, tenderly ;
If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,
Singing as her wheel she turneth :
Come, soft slumber, balmily !

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Translator.

A CHRISTMAS ANTIPHONE

THOU whose birth on earth
Angels sang to men,
While thy stars made mirth,
Saviour, at thy birth,
This day born again ;

As this night was bright
With thy cradle-ray,
Very light of light,
Turn the wild world's night
To thy perfect day.

God whose feet made sweet
Those wild ways they trod,
From thy fragrant feet
Staining field and street
With the blood of God ;

God whose breast is rest
In the time of strife,
In thy secret breast
Sheltering souls opprest
From the heat of life ;

God whose eyes are skies
Love-lit as with spheres

By the lights that rise
To thy watching eyes,
Orbèd lights of tears ;

God whose heart hath part
In all grief that is,
Was not man's the dart
That went through thine heart,
And the wound not his?

Where the pale souls wail,
Held in bonds of death,
Where all spirits quail,
Came thy Godhead pale
Still from human breath —

Pale from life and strife,
Wan with manhood, came
Forth of mortal life,
Pierced as with a knife,
Scarred as with a flame.

Thou the Word and Lord
In all time and space
Heard, beheld, adored,
With all ages poured
Forth before thy face,

Lord, what worth in earth
Drew thee down to die?
What therein was worth,
Lord, thy death and birth?
What beneath thy sky?

Light above all love
By thy love was lit,
And brought down the Dove
Feathered from above
With the wings of it.

From the height of night,
Was not thine the star
That led forth with might
By no worldly light
Wise men from afar?

Yet the wise men's eyes
Saw thee not more clear
Than they saw thee rise
Who in shepherd's guise
Drew as poor men near.

Yet thy poor endure,
And are with us yet;
Be thy name a sure
Refuge for thy poor
Whom men's eyes forget.

Thou whose ways we praise,
Clear alike and dark,
Keep our works and ways
This and all thy days
Safe inside thine ark. •

Who shall keep thy sheep,
Lord, and lose not one?
Who save one shall keep,
Lest the shepherds sleep?
Who beside the Son?

From the grave-deep wave,
From the sword and flame
Thou, even thou, shalt save
Souls of king and slave
Only by thy Name.

Light not born with morn
Or her fires above,
Jesus virgin-born,
Held of men in scorn,
Turn their scorn to love.

Thou whose face gives grace
As the sun's doth heat,
Let thy sunbright face
Lighten time and space
Here beneath thy feet.

Bid our peace increase,
Thou that madest morn;
Bid oppressions cease;
Bid the night be peace;
Bid the day be born.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

THREE damsels in the queen's chamber,
The queen's mouth was most fair ;
She spake a word of God's mother
As the combs went in her hair.
Mary that is of might,
Bring us to thy Son's sight.

They held the gold combs out from her,
A span's length off her head ;
She sang this song of God's mother
And of her bearing-bed.
Mary most full of grace,
Bring us to thy Son's face.

When she sat at Joseph's hand,
She looked against her side ;
And either way from the short silk band
Her girdle was all wried.
Mary that all good may,
Bring us to thy Son's way.

Mary had three women for her bed,
The twain were maidens clean ;
The first of them had white and red,
The third had riven green.
Mary that is so sweet,
Bring us to thy Son's feet.

She had three women for her hair,
Two were gloved soft and shod ;
The third had feet and fingers bare,
She was the likest God.
Mary that wieldeth land,
Bring us to thy Son's hand.

She had three women for her ease,
The twain were good women :
The first two were the two Maries,
The third was Magdalen.
Mary that perfect is,
Bring us to thy Son's kiss.

Joseph had three workmen in his stall,
To serve him well upon ;
The first of them were Peter and Paul,
The third of them was John.
Mary, God's handmaiden,
Bring us to thy Son's ken.

"If your child be none other man's,
But if it be very mine,
The bedstead shall be gold two spans,
The bedfoot silver fine."
Mary that made God mirth,
Bring us to thy Son's birth.

“If the child be some other man’s,
And if it be none of mine,
The manger shall be straw two spans,
Betwixen kine and kine.”

Mary that made sin cease,
Bring us to thy Son’s peace.

Christ was born upon this wise,
It fell on such a night,
Neither with sounds of psalteries,
Nor with fire for light.
Mary that is God’s spouse,
Bring us to thy Son’s house.

The star came out upon the east
With a great sound and sweet :
Kings gave gold to make him feast
And myrrh for him to eat.
Mary, of thy sweet mood,
Bring us to thy Son’s good.

He had two handmaids at his head,
One handmaid at his feet ;
The twain of them were fair and red,
The third one was right sweet.
Mary that is most wise,
Bring us to thy Son’s eyes. Amen.

A. C. Swinburne.

MASTERS, IN THIS HALL ¹

“**T**O *Bethlem did they go, the shepherds*
three :
To Bethlem did they go to see whe'r it were
so or no,
Whether Christ were born or no
To set men free.”

Masters, in this hall,
Hear ye news to-day
Brought over sea,
And ever I you pray.
Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! Nowell!
Sing we clear!
Holpen are all folk on earth,
Born is God's Son so dear.

Going over the hills,
Through the milk-white snow,
Heard I ewes bleat
While the wind did blow.
Nowell, etc.

Shepherds many an one
Sat among the sheep ;

No man spake more word
Than they had been asleep.
Nowell, etc.

Quoth I "Fellows mine,
Why this guise sit ye?
Making but dull cheer,
Shepherds though ye be?
Nowell, etc.

"Shepherds should of right
Leap and dance and sing;
Thus to see ye sit
Is a right strange thing."
Nowell, etc.

Quoth these fellows then,
"To Bethlem town we go,
To see a Mighty Lord
Lie in manger low."
Nowell, etc.

"How name ye this Lord,
Shepherds?" then said I.
"Very God," they said,
"Come from Heaven high."
Nowell, etc.

Then to Bethlem town
We went two and two,
And in a sorry place
Heard the oxen low.

Nowell, etc.

Therein did we see
A sweet and goodly May,
And a fair old man;
Upon the straw she lay.

Nowell, etc.

And a little CHILD
On her arm had she;
“Wot ye who this is?”
Said the hinds to me.

Nowell, etc.

Ox and ass him know,
Kneeling on their knee:
Wondrous joy had I
This little BABE to see.

Nowell, etc.

This is CHRIST the Lord,
Masters, be ye glad!
Christmas is come in,
And no folk should be sad.

Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! Nowell!
Sing we clear!
Holpen are all folk on earth,
Born is God's Son so dear.

William Morris.

¹ "In *Antient Christmas Carols* by Edmund Sedding (London, 1860) is a poem of twelve quatrains with a chorus which is to be sung after each. It is entitled "Masters, in this Hall;" and we are told that "The English Words" were "written expressly by William Morris, Esq., B. A." It is a quaint production, sincere enough, and by no means without beauty; but the poet did well not to challenge, by reprinting it, a comparison with his treatment of the same theme—the birth of Christ—in *The Earthly Paradise*.—(H. Buxton Forman in *The Books of William Morris*, 8vo, London, 1897, p. 216.) We believe that quite contrary to this *obiter dictum* of Mr. Forman's our readers will thank us for reproducing both carols in these pages.

OUTLANDERS, WHENCE COME YE LAST?

O OUTLANDERS, whence come ye last?
*The snow in the street and the wind on
the door.*

Through what green seas and great have ye
passed?

Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

From far away, O masters mine,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.

We come to bear you goodly wine,
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

From far away we come to you,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.

To tell of great tidings strange and true.
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

News, news of the Trinity,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.

And Mary and Joseph from over the sea!
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

For as we wandered far and wide,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.

What hap do ye deem there should us betide!
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

Under a bent when the night was deep,
 The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
There lay three shepherds tending their sheep.
 Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

“O ye shepherds, what have ye seen,
 The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
To slay your sorrow, and heal your teen?”
 Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

“In an ox-stall this night we saw,
 The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
A babe and a maid without a flaw.
 Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

“There was an old man there beside,
 The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
His hair was white and his hood was wide.
 Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

And as we gazed this thing upon,
 The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
Those twain knelt down to the Little One.
 Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

“And a marvellous song we straight did hear,
 The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
That slew our sorrow and healed our care.”
 Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

News of a fair and a marvellous thing,
 The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
Nowell, nowell, nowell, we sing !
 Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

William Morris.

A CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS EVE

WE are but of such mortal mould,
Nos exaudi, Domine!

That the night can scarce withhold
In its shrouds our sins from Thee.

That night comes, when Thou shalt come
Nos exaudi, Domine!

From Thy home to this sad home,
And die for us upon the tree.

If then the stars shine out so bright,
Nos exaudi, Domine!

That Thou seest by their light,
How great our sins and many be ;

Thou wilt come, as they were not,
Nos exaudi, Domine!

Or as they were all forgot,
Or forgiven, Lord, by Thee.

Herbert P. Horne.

THE CHILD JESUS

A CORNISH CAROL

WELCOME that Star in Judah's sky,
That voice o'er Bethlehem's palmy
glen :

The lamp, far sages hailed on high,
The tones that thrill'd the shepherd men :
Glory to God in highest heaven !
Thus Angels smote the echoing chord ;
Glad tidings unto man forgiven !
Peace from the presence of the Lord !

The Shepherds sought that Birth divine,
The Wise Men traced their guided way ;
There by strange light and mystic sign,
The God they came to worship lay.
A human Babe in beauty smiled,
Where lowing oxen round Him trod :
A maiden clasped her Awful Child,
Pure offspring of the breath of God.

Those voices from on high are mute ;
The Star the Wise Men saw is dim ;
But Hope still guides the wanderer's foot,
And Faith renews the angel-hymn :

Glory to God in loftiest heaven !

Touch with glad hand the ancient chord ;

Good tidings unto man forgiven,

Peace from the presence of the Lord !

Robert Stephen Hawker.

A LULLABY FOR CHRISTMAS

SLEEP, baby, sleep ! The mother sings :
Heaven's angels kneel and fold their wings.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep ! The father cries :
Stars lean and worship from the skies.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

With swathes of scented hay thy bed
By Mary's hand at eve was spread.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

At midnight came the shepherds, they
Whom angels wakened by the way.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

And three kings from the East afar
Ere dawn came, guided by thy star.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

They brought thee gifts of gold and gems,
Pure Orient pearls, rich diadems.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

But thou, who liest slumbering there
Art King of kings, earth, stars, and air.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep ! The shepherds sing :
Through earth, through heaven hosannas ring.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

John Addington Symonds.

THE ANGELS' SONG

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :
“Peace to the earth, good-will to men
From heaven’s all-gracious King !”
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O’er all the weary world :
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o’er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring :
O, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing !

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
 Whose forms are bending low ;
Who toil along the climbing way
 With painful steps and slow,—
Look now ! for glad and golden hours
 Come swiftly on the wing ;
O, rest beside the weary road,
 And hear the angels sing.

For lo ! the days are hastening on,
 By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
 Comes round the age of gold ;
When Peace shall over all the earth
 Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
 Which now the angels sing.

Edmund Hamilton Sears.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie !
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by ;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light ;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth !
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given !
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem !
Descend to us, we pray ;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell ;
Oh come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel !

Phillips Brooks.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

I

IT was the calm and silent night ! —
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was Queen of land and sea !
No sound was heard of clashing wars ;
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain ;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars,
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago !

II

'T was in the calm and silent night ! —
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home !
Triumphal arches gleaming swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway ;
What recked the ROMAN what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago !

III

Within that province far away

Went plodding home a weary boor :

A streak of light before him lay,

Fall'n through a half-shut stable door

Across his path. He passed — for nought

Told what was going on within ;

How keen the stars ! his only thought ;

The air how calm and cold and thin,

In the solemn midnight

Centuries ago !

IV

O strange indifference ! — low and high

Drowsed over common joys and cares :

The earth was still — but knew not why ;

The world was listening — unawares !

How calm a moment may precede

One that shall thrill the world for ever !

To that still moment none would heed,

Man's doom was linked no more to sever

In the solemn midnight

Centuries ago !

V

It *is* the calm and solemn night !

A thousand bells ring out, and throw

Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy *now* !
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given ;
For in that stable lay new-born
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago !

Alfred Domett.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

THE Christ-child lay on Mary's lap,
His hair was like a light.
(O weary, weary were the world,
But here is all aright.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's breast,
His hair was like a star.
(O stern and cunning are the kings,
But here the true hearts are.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's heart,
His hair was like a fire.
(O weary, weary is the world,
But here the world's desire.)

The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown,
And all the flowers looked up at him,
And all the stars looked down.

G. K. Chesterton.

ST. BRIDE'S LULLABY

OH, Baby Christ, so dear to me,
Sang Bridget Bride :

How sweet thou art,
My baby dear,
Heart of my heart !

Heavy her body was with thee,
Mary, beloved of One in Three,
Sang Bridget Bride —
Mary, who bore thee, little lad :
But light her heart was, light and glad
With God's love clad.

Sit on my knee,
Sang Bridget Bride :
Sit here
O Baby dear,
Close to my heart, my heart :
For I thy foster-mother am,
My helpless lamb !
O have no fear,
Sang good St. Bride.

None, none,
No fear have I :

So let me cling
Close to thy side
While thou dost sing,
O Bridget Bride !

My Lord, my Prince, I sing :
By Baby dear, my King !
Sang Bridget Bride.

Fiona Macleod.

OUT OF THE SHADOW OF THE NIGHT

OUT of the shadow of the night
I come, led by the starshine bright,
With broken heart to bring to Thee
The fruit of Thine Epiphany,
The gift my fellows send by me,
The myrrh to bed Thine agony,
I set it here beneath Thy Feet,
In token of Death's great defeat ;
And hail Thee Conqueror in the strife ;
And hail Thee Lord of Light and Life.
All hail ! All hail the Virgin's Son !
All hail ! Thou little helpless One !
All hail ! Thou King upon the Tree !
All hail ! The Babe on Mary's knee,
The centre of all mystery !

Michael Fairless.

AN OLD SONG RE-SUNG

I SAW three ships a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea.
The first her masts were silver,
Her hull was ivory.
The snows came drifting softly,
And lined her white as wool;
Oh, Jesus, Son of Mary,
Thy cradle beautiful !

I saw three ships a-sailing,
The next was red as blood.
Her decks shone like a ruby,
Encrimsoned all her wood.
Her main-mast stood up lonely,
A lonely Cross and stark.
Oh, Jesus, Son of Mary,
Bring all men to that ark !

I saw three ships a-sailing.
The third for cargo bore
The souls of men redeemed,
That shall be slaves no more.
The lost beloved faces,
I saw them glad and free.
Oh, Jesus, Son of Mary,
When wilt Thou come for me !

Katharine Tynan.

NEATHERD'S CAROL

WHAT shall we bring fit for a King,
A feeble King and small,
Whose mother's gown is homespun brown,
Whose cradle is a stall?
The cattle stand on either hand,
His pillow is of hay,
We're church-mouse poor who pass the door
And see the King to-day.

What shall we find for herd and hind
To give their little King?
Oh, hearts made clean with love, I ween,
And knees bent worshipping.
The Kings are late, but He keeps state
To-day, as once of old
The skies are dark, but one star's spark
Turns all the night to gold.

Hedgerow and tree stand white to see,
Made beautiful with snow,
For this sweet birth that makes the earth
The heart of Heaven to know.
Country and town, deep glen and down,
His bells of welcome hear;
But we who keep the neat and sheep
His very Self stand near.

Anonymous.

NOEL

I SAW a ship against the moon,
Sailing o'er the seas of night :
Flutes therein did importune
The still air with warblings bright,
And melody of rebecks gay
Companioned this clear roundelay,
Natus est Salvator.

The mainsail it was meetly wrought
All of holy joyance fair :
And the silken cordage taut
Was linkèd strands of purest prayer :
And round the golden spars and mast
This stately music poured and passed,
Jesu, splendor Patris !

With viols thus and dulcimers
Swift before the wind it came,
Thronged with angel mariners,
Misty pearl and rose and flame :
Singing, they waded to the shore,
And in their arms a Babe they bore,
Princeps Angelorum.

Thou Babe that from the shadowy wave
Liest here against my heart,

Thou of Whom all heaven I crave,
Weak and little as Thou art,—
In the haven of my breast
Harbour Thou and ever rest,—
Spes et vita mea.

Anonymous.

A CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS DAY
BEFORE DAWN

O, BETHLEM town to-night is cold,
And Bethlem town is very dark ;
Down tumbling street, on upland wold
Stirs neither wife nor patriarch ;
No travellers the inn-doors seek
'Neath where the gusty sign-boards creak.

The dull, dumb shepherds of the heath
Are warm beside their wives in bed ;
The mildewed manger chills beneath
The wet thatch gaping over-head ;
The ancient stars are tired and dim
And no new star announces Him.

Or is it that we cannot hear
The least of spiritual songs,
And know not some strange joy more near
Than too familiar angel-throngs ? —
Of Him the greater is our need
Whose life has dwindled to a creed.

Because we know the Lord once woke
Unto a far-off people's pain,

We dream, a numb bewildered folk,
That He might think to come again
And save through fresh enlightening cares
A world more sorrowful than theirs.

Gordon Bottomley.

ETERNAL Father who didst all create,
In whom we live and to whose bosom move,
To all men be Thy name known which is Love,
Till its loud praises sound at heaven's high gate.
Perfect Thy kingdom in our passing state,
That here on earth Thou mayst as well approve
Our service as Thou ownest theirs above,
Whose joy we echo and in pain await.

Grant body and soul each day their daily bread;
And should in spite of grace fresh woe begin,
Even as our anger soon is past and dead
Be Thy remembrance mortal of our sin:

By Thee in paths of peace Thy sheep be led,
And in the vale of terror comforted.

ROBERT BRIDGES.





*I say to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street —*

*That he and we and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above ;*

*That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows vain,
That death itself shall not remain ;*

*That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led ;*

*Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way
Shall issue out in heavenly day ;*

*And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.*

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.



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